

# Home Mission Echoes


"The Country for which I lifted up mine hand to give to your fathers"

Entered at the Post-office, Boston, Mass., as second class mail matter, Jan. 9, 1897

Vol. XI

MARCH, 1908

No. 3

f the woman who gave the most costly gift, — the alabaster box of ointment, it was said by the Master, himself, "Whosoever this Gospel shall be preached throughout the whole world, this also that she hath done shall be spoken of."

Not less of the widow, casting into the treasury her two mites, the Lord who sat over against the treasury, said, "She hath cast in more than they all."

Our gift may be large,—our gift may be small,—as the world judges, but in the eye of our Lord it must be our best gift.

510 Tremont Temple  
Boston

## HOME MISSION ECHOES

This paper is published monthly under the auspices jointly of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, and the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society, and represents in a concrete manner the interests of both organizations. It aims to make an interesting and instructive Home Mission periodical, attractive in its mechanical features and illustrations. Mrs. N. N. Bishop is the General Editor, and will have entire charge of the Woman's Mission Society's Department. Mr. G. W. D. has charge of the Home Mission Society's Department. All correspondence pertaining to the editorial department of the paper should be sent to Mrs. N. N. Bishop, 510 Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass.

NOTE THE REMARKABLY LOW TERMS: Subscription price per year, twenty-five cents. Five copies and upwards to one address yearly, twenty cents each.

Pastors, Sunday School Superintendents and all friends of Home Missions are invited to promote the circulation of the paper.

HOME MISSION ECHOES will be sent to all subscribers until ordered to be discontinued, when all arrears must be paid.

All money and letters pertaining to subscriptions should be sent to Gertrude L. Davis, Business Manager of Home Mission Echoes, 510 Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass.

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Is your circle making an effort to reach its apportionment? Do Solicitors and Treasurers realize that a gift from every christian woman in New England would, without doubt, secure for this Society the \$21,669.25 needed before April 1908?

GERTRUDE L. DAVIS, Treas.

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510 Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass.

Telephone: 687-3 Main.

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WE regret the typographical error which told you last month that few leaflets are constantly being added to our list of publications. It should have read: "New leaflets are constantly being added, etc."

THE orders for the tepce mite-boxes will be honored as speedily as possible. We regret exceedingly the delay, but can assure our readers that it is not our fault. A series of inevitable accidents has hindered their completion, and our receiving them. We bespeak continued courtesy and patience.

## Wanted For Alaska

16 dresses for girls from 8 to 15 years old.  
28 long sleeve, high neck aprons, for girls 15 years old  
40 pajamas and night drawers for boys  
Comforters, blankets, towels, sheets and pillow cases  
Who will help in this work? For sizes inquire of Mrs. J. G. Gooch, 2 Mt. Auburn St., Cambridge, Mass.

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General Office, 315 Fourth Ave., N. Y. City

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Do not forget that the new United States Postal Law requires all subscriptions to periodicals paid in advance. If your ECHOES is not dated 1908 please give the matter your immediate attention. Remember that ECHOES are sent to subscribers till ordered discontinued, when all arrears must be paid.

# Home Mission Echoes

"Our Echoes roll from soul to soul,  
And grow forever and forever."—*Tranquill*

Vol. XI.

MARCH, 1908

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## Editorial.

OUR Society has again come to the time, when the needs of the Treasury must be especially urged. We wish this might not be necessary, that the money would come in so regularly and generously that there need be no real or dreaded deficit, and no need to remind our constituency that the close of the financial year is approaching. In a year when there has been so much "money talk" in various phases, we are especially reluctant to bring the thought of finance forward, but the affairs of the money-market must inevitably affect benevolences of all kinds, and, as there remains \$22,000 to be added to our year's receipts before March 31, 1908, if we close the year, as we are fervently praying we may, free of debt, we are compelled to ask our constituency to come up to the help of the Lord in this crisis.

It has been reiterated that the cause of the recent panic was not so much because there was a lack of money—but rather the refusal to allow that money to be circulated. People were hoarding, thinking to keep it safely. Is it true that the stewards of the Lord's money are foolishly following such an example?

An old epitaph reads:—

"What I spent, I had;  
What I kept, I lost;  
What I gave, I have."

If we would keep our treasure we do well to put it into the work of His Kingdom, to make it living, as it shall be wrought into the hearts and lives of men and women, purified and uplifted by the Gospel of the living Christ.

## Over Against the Treasury.

Over against the Treasury,  
Sat the Lord in the long ago,  
As the people with Temple offerings  
Passed restlessly to and fro.

And some had come with abundance,  
And from some the gifts were small,  
But the Lord who sat by the Temple,  
Knew the hearts and the motives of all.

Over against the Treasury,  
Sits the Lord of life to-day;  
And He knows with what devotion  
Our gifts to Him we pay.

He knows if the burden presses,  
He knows every pain and care,  
He knows,—and in tenderness waiteth,  
Each anxious thought to share.

Over against the Treasury,  
Give us, O Lord, we pray,  
A vision clear, and fadeless,  
Our gifts at Thy feet to lay.

To say in self-surrender,  
"This gold that I give to Thee,  
Is but dross until Thou use it,  
Then powerful it can be."

EARLY in the New Year, a great grief came to our Society, in the death of Rev. Francis T. Haslewood, New England Secretary of the American Baptist Home Mission Society. We have been associated with Dr. Haslewood for more than seventeen years, part of the time while awaiting the completion of Tremont Temple, occupying the same office. We had grown to regard him as a wise friend and counsellor, and shall miss his helpful words of wisdom.

One by one God is calling to Himself, those who are serving Him here, and the message of the hour to us is more impressive than before, that we so "occupy till He come," that we too may receive the reward.

IN our last number reference was made to probable changes in the workers at Wood Island. While we all regret the necessity which has led Mr. Coe to resign his leadership of the work there, we are sure such decision has been made, only after careful and most prayerful consideration of the matter. Therefore we are now happy to be able to say to our workers that the choice of the Society has fallen upon Rev. George A. Learn, of Portland, Ore. Much earnest prayer has been offered that the right man might be found to succeed so able and efficient a leader as Mr. Coe has been, and we feel that we have indeed been divinely directed. Mr. Learn will go to Alaska early in the spring, probably. In the meantime Mr. Coe will "hold the fort." Let all the friends of the Alaska work pray for both these servants of God, that each may be used of Him to advance His Kingdom among men, and that each may be kept by the power of God and given many rich tokens of His abundant love.

## Suggestive

Sacrifice hallows what it touches, and the hallowing touch acts in geometrical proportion upon the value of the gift.

—S. D. GOSSET.

Certain good deeds receive their wages in the day time, and certain must wait till set of sun; but some have their due recompense both in this world and in that which is to come.

—IAN MACLAREN.

Money supplies a chain through which one may reach most intimately to others near by, and around the world. It is the golden chain of service.—S. D. GOSSET.

EVERY one of us in physical being possesses talents and powers, every one of us controls some measure of material riches, these constitute one distinct class of riches spoken of by our Saviour; but there is another class, namely, spiritual riches, that He also taught are obtainable by every one who is willing to pay the price. With all the attraction of a selfish, or independent, or material loving existence, when we ask, what is the wisest and best use we can put our material riches to, the answer is,—subordinate them, sacrifice them, give them away for the obtaining of true riches. Material riches are a brief possession and are valuable, not for keeping, but for their use. It is said that pilgrims from various countries to Jerusalem at the time of the great religious gatherings, upon arrival there first changed the money which they had brought with them into the temple coin, that they might be able to buy sacrifices to offer unto God. So we, beloved, are in a strange country, we are just for a little while in these fleshly bodies, our riches are material but, beloved, let us now convert these possessions into the coin of the country, the King's country, in which we shall soon be, that when there we may not be found destitute.

The faithful performance of the commonplace of daily life is the best preparation for any great demand that may suddenly break in upon us.—F. B. MEYER.

You will find as you look back upon your life, that the moments that stand out, the moments when you have really lived, are the moments when you have done things in a spirit of love.—HENRY DRUMMOND.

ORD, I do discover a fallacy, whereby I have long deceived myself. Which is this: I have desired to begin my amendment with my birthday, or from the first day of the year, or from some eminent festival, that so my repentance might bear some remarkable date. But when those days were come, I have adjourned my amendment to some other time. Thus, whilst I could not agree with myself when to start, I have almost lost the running of the race. I am resolved thus to befool myself no longer. I see no day equal to to-day, the instant time is always the fittest time. Grant, therefore, that to-day I may hear thy voice. And if this day be obscure in the calendar, and remarkable in itself for nothing else, give me to make it memorable in my soul, thereupon, by thy assistance, beginning the reformation of my life.—Selected.

A CONVENTION is to be held in Pittsburgh, Penn., upon March 10, 11 and 12, 1908, under the direction of the Young People's Missionary Movement. This gathering is called for the purpose of placing before the Christian public of North America the facts of the great campaign for missionary education, and also, to plan for a much more extensive educational movement for Missions. On the program are the names of many of the leading missionary authorities, not only in America, but in other lands.

Our session will be devoted to denominational meetings, and plans of work will be outlined. This will give the Boards of the different denominations an opportunity to meet with their own delegates, and plan for their own work. The Corresponding Secretaries of the various Boards will be present at this rally, and give information concerning the lines of work of their respective societies. Will you plan to attend this important meeting if possible, and will you remember it in prayer during the coming weeks?

THE Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition to be held at Seattle in 1909 promises to be different from former world's fairs in many ways. This exposition will be held in a section of the country where world's fairs are new, and for that and many other reasons, it is expected to be a success, beneficially, educationally, artistically and financially. One policy stands out so far above any of the rest, that the entire press of the country is commenting favorably about it. No money will be asked from Uncle Sam to carry on the work.

All the management desires is for the United States government to participate in the same manner as foreign countries and the different states, by erecting buildings and installing exhibits therein.

A clause pledging this policy has been inserted in the congressional bill, making provision for participation only, by the United States.

The "A-Y-P," as it is sometimes called in Seattle, will differ again from some former fairs in that some of its exhibit palaces will be permanent structures. The grounds are located on the property of the Washington University, a state institution, and after the exposition is over, the permanent buildings and those substantially built will be taken over by the college to be used for educational purposes.

The purpose of the exposition, which is to exploit Alaska and Yukon and the countries bordering on the Pacific Ocean, is receiving much favorable comment throughout the country.

## Receipt for Killing a Missionary Meeting.

TAKE one dimly lighted church parlor at a temperature not to exceed sixty degrees, add a few people—the older the better—drawn together by a strong sense of duty and an apologetic announcement. Begin to stir to slow music or a formal prayer at from five to twenty minutes late; drop in one at a time, and infrequently, some not over-fresh facts relating to the geography and customs of any mission field. Close up all outlets and let stand, but do not fail to extract a few pennies from each atom present.

—D. J. L. FRANKSON.



## Is This Your Picture?

THE Lima Presbyterian Society has a leaflet, the original of which was a talk given at one of their presbyterial meetings upon "The Ideal Member." Some of the points made are that the "Ideal Member" is systematic in her giving; systematic in her apportionment of her gifts; systematic in her time; systematic in strength expenditure. And just here we pause to quote:

"She is systematic in her expenditure of strength, and does not give so much of it to lodge or club or even to the dear delights of spring cleaning that she can only drag herself, half dead, to a committee or a monthly meeting, not even able to give a hearty interest to the cause to which others have given their lives.

"She is an interested member because she is an informed member. She does not pray vaguely for the 'missionaries of the cross,' but she knows them by name, knows their special burdens of loneliness and thrills with the same hopes and ambitions, and disclaiming the mere accidents of time and space, by faith clasp hands in hand saying: 'Together we will do this work in His name.'

"On her table the missionary magazines are as much at home as the popular journals or the daily paper. She finds their columns of as much interest as the society notes or the current events of the day.

"Also, because she is an informed member, she is an optimistic member, and believes in the ultimate triumph of good; and in spite of indifference, doubt and discouragement at home, and hardship, trials, yea even riot and bloodshed abroad, her faith sees

'God! yet within the shadow  
Keeping watch above His own.'

"Last of all and yet first of all, she is a praying member not ashamed to own a speaking acquaintance with her Master in public, nor too busy to remember His cause in private.

"The requisites of the ideal member can be summed up in three words: Organization, Realization and Consolation.

"Organization: adapting to the use of the missionary society the same business-like methods she uses in lodge or club with the addition of what some one has called 'sanctified common sense.'

"Realization of the supreme magnitude and importance of the work in which she is engaged. Still bearing above all the busy din of modern civilization the Divine command yet ringing down the ages, 'Go, teach.' And in hearing making consecration of herself to go or stay, for glory or dishonor, to fight the battle or 'tarry by the stuff,' content where her Lord has placed her, there to do His will.

"It is such a member as this who will, before leaving home, find time for a few moments of silent prayer, invoking a special blessing on the meeting of the day that it may be blessed to her and that she may be used in blessing others. And although her voice may never be heard in the street and she be all her life one of those who only stand and wait, yet in the final accounting she will hear as well as those more favored ones, the most blessed words of commendation that ever fell from the Master's lips, 'She hath done what she could.'

## For the Primary Classes

JUST a word for Primary and Junior Superintendents, or those who are working with children in Sunday School, to bring to your attention a simple, inexpensive device for raising money for Missions, and also creating an interest in such work. This has been tried and works well. Take a piece of heavy cardboard, about twenty inches long by fifteen inches wide, any color you prefer. The writer used dark green. At the top print in white, "Gifts for Jesus." Take as many plain white envelopes as there are classes in the department and print in black on the lap side Class 1, Class 2, and so on. Arrange them on the card in any position that suits the taste, with the address side pasted on the card. On either side of the envelopes and below them, paste pictures of Indian and Alaskan children. These were cut from Home Mission Echoes. Punch a hole in the top of card, with a string to hang it by, and it is ready for use.

At close of lesson study, the department is called to order and occasionally, but not every Sunday, a few facts are told about these children and their needs. Each class is called in order, No. 1, 2, and so on, and one scholar from the class brings the pennies and places them in their class envelope, at the same time the class recites a passage of scripture, which the teacher has selected. This verse is used for three months and then another chosen. From the very beginning of the use of this plan, every class has contributed something. This is done every Sunday in the month except one, when the collection from the whole school is used for some benevolent purpose. This has not interfered with, or taken from the regular collection. Two cards have been made and worn out in the service, and am now to start something similar. The children are interested, and are always ready to bring their pennies. I trust someone may find a helpful hint from my experience.—A DEPARTMENT SUPERINTENDENT.

IN one of our New England States lived a woman—a mother with three sons. Her love for her Lord and interest in His Kingdom were constant and were manifested in many ways. Her sons knew of her devotion, and the example of her life was effective in their own. It was her habit, for the income was not large, to lay by of that with which she had been entrusted, that she might have something regularly to give to the work of the Evangelization of the World. Her contributions, for many years, came regularly to the Treasury of the Women's societies, and she had the satisfaction of knowing that she was obeying the Lord's command.

At last it pleased the Lord to call her home, and she was ready to go.

Among her effects was found the purse in which she had been wont to keep the money she had "laid aside." One of her sons forwarded it and the contents to the Rooms, to be applied "in some way as mother would have wished," and to be designated as "A Mother's Gift."

Is not this example worthy of imitation? How many of us have the habit of "laying by" that we may always have something for the Lord's Treasury?

We trust this "Mother's Gift" will bear fruit in its inspiration to others to be thus prepared for their Lord's coming, by sowing faithfully in the time when sowing is possible.

## Corresponding Secretary's Column.

IT has been the privilege of the Corresponding Secretary to visit some of the churches of New England during the past few weeks, and look over the work of the Women's Missionary Societies. The seventy-fifth anniversary of the church in Rockland, Maine, was an interesting occasion. For five afternoons and evenings the men and women came together, and welcomed friends from far and near. The afternoon of Thursday, January 30th, was the woman's session, and although the weather was intensely cold a large number of interested men and women were present. Mrs. L. M. S. Stevens of Portland, President of the W. C. T. Union, spoke upon the topic, "Woman and Reform," and Mrs. M. C. Reynolds spoke upon "Woman and Missions." Miss N. T. Sleeper of Rockland read an interesting paper, telling of the work of those who had borne the burdens during the years. Some of these faithful women have passed to their eternal home, and others are awaiting the summons. The Rockland church has noble women in its membership. Mrs. Lizzie Young Butler, the former Director of Lincoln Association, is a member of this church, and has been an untiring worker. She carried forward her missionary work in the association with the same earnestness with which she managed her church work. Many prayers are offered daily for her speedy recovery. We were entertained in the pleasant home of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Hall, parents of our sweet singer, Mrs. Sarah Hall Herrick of Charlestown.

WE were privileged to spend a day with Mrs. Anna Sargent Hunt, the General Vice-President of our Society, and also Vice-President of our work in Maine, and speak in the Auburn church at its Friday night meeting. Mrs. Hunt has been identified with our work from its beginning, and has a large place in the hearts of New England women.

THE Annual Meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society of the Pleasant Street Church, Worcester, was a delightful occasion. A large number of young ladies were present. They aided in the management of the supper, and were interested listeners at the meeting which followed. Miss Elizabeth Lawrence, for thirty-four years a missionary in Burmah, told of her long years of service, and the needs of our land were presented.

AN afternoon meeting at Malden and Brookline, and an evening meeting at Warren Avenue, Boston, gave an opportunity to meet the intelligent consecrated women who are doing the missionary work in these churches.

IT was a great pleasure to meet a company of men and women at the Women's Monthly Missionary Meeting of the Swedish Church, Cambridge. This Circle meets upon Sunday afternoon. The vestry was well filled, and they listened eagerly to the needs of our native and alien races.

REV. N. B. RAIDEN, General Superintendent of the Trans-Mississippi Division of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, who has been seriously ill for a year, is now making a tour of the world. We received a postal card from him recently from Jerusalem, with the greetings of Dr. and Mrs. Raiden, and the following significant statement:

"Christianity has been driven out of its birthplace because the early Christians failed to care for the evangelization of their own land."

UPON a recent Sunday afternoon we were permitted to speak at a meeting of an organization of colored men called "The Forum." It is composed of men from the vicinity of Boston whose object is the moral and religious uplift of the country. Women are allowed to attend the meetings, and we found a large audience present, with thoughtful, earnest leaders. We spoke from experience concerning the colored people of the South and received close attention. Dr. Booker Washington of Tuskegee, Prof. B. G. Brawley of Atlanta, Mrs. Maria C. Kinney of Live Oak, Florida, and other eminent negroes have addressed this body during the winter.

IT is an inspiration to those who are at headquarters, easing the burden of details, to meet the strong men and women of our churches, and feel that their prayers and sympathies are with us in the work of saving the world.

—M. C. RETNOLDS

THE Annual Day of Prayer, which was observed on January 23, was a day long to be remembered, as a time when the Presence and blessing of the Lord were manifest. We went up to the meeting with hearts saddened by news received that morning of the death of Dr. Haslewood, and of an accident which our beloved president, Mrs. Coleman had suffered the previous day; to prove again the promise, "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength." Throughout the day, the attendance was large, and participation in the service spontaneous and earnest.

We need these seasons of special prayer and earnest supplication, but we need, too, the regular and frequent waiting upon the Lord, that He will lead our endeavors in this work, so dear to His heart, give His wisdom, and save us from the errors into which our weak purposes might lead us.

Just now we need to be very zealous in our petitions that the money needed for the work may be poured into the Treasury, and we must work as we pray, being careful that while we pray that others may give, we also may offer of that which we possess.

Give thy heart's best treasures, from fair nature learn:  
Give thy love—and ask not, wait not, a return!  
And the more thou spendest from thy little store,  
With a double bounty, God will give thee more.

—A. A. PROCTOR

## The Letter Box.

TWO GRAY HILLS MISSION, CROZIER, N. M.

Dear Sisters:—

You will be pleased, I know, to hear of the four little girls who are now in our home. The first two came to us in a providential way. A father, who had spent all his money, sheep and ponies, having the medicine men treat his sick wife, to her real harm, appealed to us for help. We went to his home ten miles away and found his family really in a pitiful condition. The wife suffering paralysis from spinal tuberculosis had been placed in the fire by medicine men to effect a cure, and as the result had three large open sores on her limbs, and she could not walk at all. Had been ill for a year. The little boy was suffering from bone tuberculosis, and one little girl had granulated eyelids. There was a baby which a sister said she would keep if Mr. Thayer would take the woman and children to Fort Defiance, sixty miles away, where were two little girls, one an own child, and the other a niece, who was living with the family. The father asked us to take them into our school. The next day we went and brought the whole family home with us, and kept them over night; the next day Mr. Thayer took the sick ones to Fort Defiance and we kept the two girls, whom we named Esther, eight years old, and Ruth, not quite five. We felt that Ruth was too young to learn much, but we could not turn the little pleading face away. They are both so happy in our home, and Esther is learning rapidly. Her father came to see her over a week ago, and she cried because she did not want to see him, and was afraid he would take her away. I told her she should love him, and yesterday when I asked her if she would be glad to see him, she said that she would.

The other two girls are from families near us, and we call them Anna and Ada; Anna is six, and though her father did not know Ada's age, as her mother is dead, I judge she is twelve years old. We have the different ages and so can tell another year what age will be best to take. We have had to turn away some children, especially boys as we could take no more now.

Each morning I have been telling the children the story of Jesus, and the following morning have them repeat to me through the interpreter, what they remember of the story. I have used in connection with it chart pictures, but they are so incomplete that I have been wondering if some one has not stored away unused, a good picture scroll roller, that they would like to send me for these children. This is a new story to them, but it will soon be the dear old story, we hope, and they could repeat it, by aid of scroll to the Navajos who come, better than we could perhaps.

Pray for us that as we have these children in our home we may so live and teach them that they may early come to serve our blessed Master. And oh! dear sisters, these are only four out of the three thousand children of the Navajos that are growing up in ignorance, as their parents have, with no schools and no religious influence. How glad I would be if the dear Lord would lead some of your Circles, or some of you women of means to give, in addition to your regular gifts, enough to support one of these lambs of whom Jesus said "Feed Them."

Lovingly,

IDA THAYER.

Ponce, P. R., January 12, 1908

MY last letter to ECHOES told of the sickness of Miss Alice A. Shorey, my assistant in Ponce, and of her having to leave Porto Rico. Just a month after her arrival in Baltimore, Md., she died, with her dear ones all about her. A little more than a year ago, she came to the Island, full of desire to be useful, and learn Spanish, so that she might talk to these people of Christ, and now, her first year of novitiate over, she has had to lay all aside, and has gone to be with Christ, which is far better. Even though she had not begun to do all she wanted to do in the work, she is missed by our women and girls, and many have grieved sincerely over her departure. I am wondering, if God will call some rare, consecrated young woman to take her place, one with energy, good health, and a deep desire to teach Christ to the Porto Ricans.

A young Porto Rican Christian girl lives with me now, studying, and helping me with my work. As I write, Matilde is taking care of some of my children's classes, while I am passing a week out of town, for rest.

The year's end Sunday school entertainments in two schools were enjoyed by many. The youths and children carried out the programs with spirit and reverence, and large crowds were present to hear the songs and dialogues. These *veladas* are purely evangelical, as I leave aside all attempts at theatrical show or costuming, and I hope our people are beginning to appreciate the wide difference between these simple examples of what the Sunday school is doing for the young people, and what might be given for pure amusement. Yet, I can assure you that these youngsters are in no sense prigs! They fairly bubble over with mischief, and during the rehearsals, each year, I often wonder if anything at all can be made of the program. Then comes the eventful night, and the children take their parts, earnestly, gracefully, and all the doubt and trouble seems more than worth while.

The year ended with ten baptisms, on the last Sunday night, in the Ponce church. How glad my heart was that night, and I do not think I ever saw a happier little face than Maria Giron's, as she came out of the dressing room after her baptism. She is a Sunday school scholar, who seems truly converted, and as all the family are Christians, I hope much from this fair little girl.

Two others of the baptized are members of a formerly well-to-do family of Ponce. They, also, are very happy in their faith in Christ, and their case encourages us to believe more earnestly in the conversion of the "upper class" of Porto Ricans to a saving faith in Jesus.

Most of the others were from two country missions near Ponce, plain people, whose plain lives are being glorified by this new life.

Our New Year promises much work and, I hope, a good harvest in Jesus' name. If the churches at home could fully understand what conversion means to the Porto Ricans, and what centers of light the little town and country churches become, the funds for carrying on missions and schools here, and in all the world, would come pouring into the treasures. It is good to be where one can see with one's own eyes, the work going on, and I wish I could tell of it better, and so encourage all hearts at home. It is a great disappointment to me to learn that Mrs. Reynolds cannot come to Porto Rico

this winter, and see for herself what is doing, and what more ought to be done, as I had counted on her coming, for many long months.

May Echoes have a happy and prosperous year, and all her readers share the blessing.

Yours sincerely,  
JANIE P. DUGGAN.

THE readers of the ECHOES will be pleased to hear from Miss Elma Grace Gowen; formerly our teacher in Santiago, and Mexico City. These extracts from her bright, cheery letter, under date of December 31 last, from Montevideo, Uruguay, where she is now Organizer of Loyal Temperance Legion Work, for the W. C. T. U., show in real way her life in her new surroundings. [Ed.]

"We are in a Roman Catholic country, no doubt about that, one has only to be here one Sunday to feel the force of it. That is the one day when the country people come in to display their wares, for several blocks in several streets on the sidewalks,—like the Mexican Markets every day."

"We are suffering from a plague of locusts. The first ones came five and six weeks ago, and laid their eggs, now the little ones are hopping about. They cannot spoil all the peaches, and I hope they will not all the grapes. I have had some delicious strawberries. They sell them by the hundred, another silly waste of time."

"The Military here make a great display of gold lace. The President's escort is made up of white horses, some hundreds of them with gayest of gay trappings."

"A new building has recently been opened for the examination of consumptives,—built by the Women's League. I was invited, and there I saw the President. The building is fine,—it is so sanitary in its appointments."

"The English Methodist Sunday school gave a picnic to some thirty native children in a suburban park on Christmas. I went to tell them the Christmas story. A mounted policeman came along just before we began, and he stayed through, listening attentively till the close."

"One Sunday morning I was giving my Temperance lesson after the regular session of the school, and, at the close, a bright young man, who proved to be the author of several books on purity for men and boys, told me of his experience in 'White Cross' work."

"He seemed surprised that it is so hard to interest the young men in Christian homes. I was not surprised, for you and I know that if Christ's professed followers all over the world were roused to their privilege, the Kingdom would come, and that right speedily."

### A Suggestion for Filling a Clock

MAKE one copy of Luke 10:42.

"But one thing is needful, and Mary has chosen that good part."

Find some one who has chosen that good part, and ask him to contribute one dime for your clock.

Make two copies of Matt. 18:19-20.

"I say unto you that if two of you shall agree on earth as touching any thing that they shall ask it shall be done for them of my Father who is in Heaven." Give copies to two people asking them each for a dime.

Continue in this way giving the next text to three people,

the next to four, the next to five, and thus with the ten texts. The whole sum thus received will be \$7.80.

The other texts are: Luke 13:7; John 4:33; Matt 25: 14-15; Gen. 1:31; Gen. 2:2; Luke 9: 28-29; Matt. 27:45; Luke 15:3; Matt. 28:16; John 11:9.  
—L. KNIGHT.

### A Look Ahead

THE WOMAN'S HOME MISSION CIRCLE of the First Baptist Church of Stamford, Conn. have a plan, which, if not in force in all our Circles, should be. Early in November the following, in form of a printed folder was sent out to every woman in the church.

### "Things I am Thankful For"

(Poem adapted from Dr. Grose's "Song of Gratitude" in the last Monthly.)

DEAR FRIEND:—

All Baptist women of New England are again asked to make a special gift some time during the month of December—a Christmas offering as an expression of gratitude to God "for all His benefits to us," and at the same time be a means of blessing to many of His needy ones in our own land.

The Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society, who makes this request, is our agent to plan, and God's instrument to carry on our work for Him, as we furnish the means. To the Society, the closing year brought debt, but not disappointment or defeat, for God has abundantly blessed efforts put forth, in every field.

Without extra gifts a much larger debt must be incurred to meet present demands, and God be dishonored by refusing to enter the ready harvest fields He has prepared.

Shall we refuse this request, when God who sends the work supplies us with the means and stands ready to add His blessing? Let us respond with gifts, as "unto Him who loved us and gave Himself for us."

Place your gift within the envelope which please have ready early in January, to be called for, or to hand to your collector.

For the Woman's Home Mission Circle,  
E. I. YOUNG, Secretary.

Stamford First Baptist Church, November, 1907.

If all our Circles would use this plan, and send the money as soon as received to the Rooms, much of the pressure of work during March would be averted, and, in part, at least, the necessity of borrowing money with which to meet the inevitable expenses of each month, avoided.

Christmas, 1908, may seem a long way off, but, put this suggestion in your "memory book," and, early in November have the plan in force in your Circle, and the Treasury of 1909 will be profited thereby.

Give as you would if an angel  
Awaited your gift at the door,  
Give as you would, if tomorrow  
Found you where waiting is o'er.

Give as you would to the Master,  
If you met His earnest look,  
Give as you would of your substance  
If His hand your offering took.

—Selected.





## The American Baptist Home Mission Society

### Editorial Notes

**M**OST unexpected was the death of Dr. Francis T. Haslewood, District Secretary of the Home Mission Society, on January 22nd, 1908. Though in the seventieth year of his age he was alert and vigorous, and as zealous as ever in application to his duties, and gave reasonable promise of years of usefulness. His loss brings deep sorrow to a large circle of friends throughout New England and to the Society which he served so faithfully for nearly seventeen years, beginning in February, 1891, as assistant to Dr. A. P. Mason, and after the death of Dr. Mason assuming the full duties of the office in April, 1892. He was a man of great force of character, strong convictions and of marked business ability in handling the matters pertaining to his work as District Secretary. His varied services as pastor at Ellsworth and Bangor, Maine, and at Lynn, Mass., as a patriot in the days of the Civil War, as a representative of the Society and of charitable organizations with which he was connected have been appropriately recognized in the weekly religious press and otherwise. He was a man of high Christian ideals and generous impulses, and made for himself a large place in the regard of his brethren. The Society mourns the loss of so noble and capable a leader in its work.

**I**NASMUCH as the Society may not be able to appoint a successor to Dr. Haslewood in time to devote himself to the work of the office during March, when many churches send in their contributions for the year, the Society strongly appeals to all the churches in New England to make the most liberal offerings within their power so that there shall be no diminution in the receipts from New England on account of the loss which the Society has sustained in the death of Dr. Haslewood. The need of this is increasingly apparent, for the last forecast of the Treasurer showed the danger of a deficit of \$20,000 by March 1st, unless larger offerings than usual shall be received.

**U**NTIL a successor to Dr. Haslewood shall have been appointed, his daughter, Miss Charlotte W. Haslewood who has become familiar with the duties of the office in Tremont Temple, will continue in charge and respond to calls for literature and will receive contributions for the

Society and make the usual reports to the Treasurer at New York. The Society is glad that it can have the benefit of her services in this emergency.

**B**ENEDICT COLLEGE, at Columbia, South Carolina, lost by death on December 14th one of its most consecrated workers, Mrs. Cora E. Butler Jones, after a brief illness with Pluro-pneumonia. The burial was at Jamaica, Vt.

**A**SSISTANT CORRESPONDING SECRETARY, Rev. Alexander Turnbull, while seeking restoration to health in western climates is also seeking detailed information concerning localities where Mexicans are numerous that the Society may, when funds are available, be ready to enter upon aggressive work; in both the quest for this information, and for health he has been eminently successful. His many friends will rejoice with us in the improvement in his health.

**T**HE time is at hand to begin to plan for the Anniversaries at Oklahoma City from May 20th to 27th. The people of the First Baptist Church of Oklahoma City, known as the White Temple, are looking expectantly to the coming of a large delegation from all parts of the country, and are making arrangements for their entertainment.

The Southwestern Excursion Bureau has announced rates for the territory within its district of two cents per mile each way, which is about one and one-third of the rate on the old basis of three cents per mile. The action of other Railway Associations will be announced in due time.

The Anniversaries this year will be of unusual interest and importance in view of the fact that the Northern Baptist Convention will be held in connection with them. Every principal church in New England ought to send its pastor and pay at least one-half of his expenses.

## Heavenly Treasure

Every coin of earthly treasure  
 We have lavished upon earth,  
 For our simple wordly pleasure,  
 May be reckoned something worth:  
 For the spending was not losing  
 Though the purchase were but small:  
 It has perished with the using;  
 We have had it—that is all!

All the gold we leave behind us  
 When we turn to dust again,  
 Though our avarice may blind us,  
 We have gathered quite in vain;  
 Since we neither can direct it,  
 By the winds of fortune tossed,  
 Nor in other worlds expect it,  
 What we hoarded we have lost!

But each merciful oblation,  
 Seed of pity wisely sown—  
 What we give in self-negation,  
 We may safely call our own;  
 For the treasure freely given  
 Is the treasure that we hoard,  
 Since the angels keep in heaven,  
 What is lent unto the Lord.

—Selected.

## Immigration

BY AN IMMIGRANT.

MUCH has been said, volumes have been written concerning the so-called "Perils of Immigration." It has occurred to the writer to pen a few lines on the subject from his own personal experience. I beg pardon or the occasional use of the "ego," but I shall write under a *nom de plume*.

I listened a few months ago to a very able lecture by an eloquent and eminent New York divine, who portrayed the perils of immigration in a most alarming manner. His words were spoken at blood heat from the beginning to the end of his long discourse, and had I not been an immigrant myself I should undoubtedly have responded to his hot-fired words—for the blood of Balaklava runs in my veins—and enlisted on the spot to put down such a gigantic foe and drive the peril from our shores. Immigration, as so many portray it, is nothing short of the importation of demons from Gadara. And, strange as it may seem, the above lecturer bears a name which is not far removed from Ellis Island, or some other port of entry. Many, many times I have sat and listened to addresses given in the most denunciatory terms, showing forth the dangers and fallacy of an open port. But the ridiculous side of the affair to me is that those who are the most virulent in their condemnation of immigration are usually those who have still the ear-marks or odor of the "steerage" upon them. And if perchance they have donned a ready-made suit (or crowned themselves with a Stetson) their language betrayeth them. In other words: "Say now Shibboleth, and, he could not."

Those who write less virulently, but who nevertheless assume to a certain extent the role of a Polemarch, are still asking in sympathy with the immigrant. They misunderstand him. The writer has this suggestion to offer: Let all the writers and lecturers against immigration turn their brain and brawn for a few years and unite in a solid phalanx.



DECK SCENE ON AN INCOMING GERMAN LINER.

against the "leeches" that await the immigrants' arrival in our ports of entry. When a man watches the "shark's" actions towards the newcomer as he leaves the good Captain's hands, who has brought him safely across the seas and landed him at his desired haven, it is nothing short of infamy to see these "ghouls" fall upon their innocent prey. It is said that the Pilgrim Fathers, upon landing, fell on their knees to pray, but the poor immigrant when he lands falls also to pray. One witnessing such a sight, when there is none to help, cries out from the depths of his soul: "The godly man is perished out of the earth, and there is none upright among men: they all lie in wait for blood; they hunt every man his brother with a net." How many and tales could be written of those just landing; of men robbed of their little savings of many years accumulation, and of many young women robbed of that which is priceless. And, too, frequently within twenty-four hours after landing. The movement to stop such cruelty and barbarity is but in its infancy.



THE TUPPER FAMILY LIFE OF THE BLANKET INDIANS.

If efforts were made to help the immigrant as he reaches this country to find a home, a place to work, etc., there would be no need, comparatively speaking, for all this great noise, which is but the sounding of brass and clanging of cymbals against a thing which is not, for immigration is not, a peril. It is a God-given instinct. If a bird will fly southward to find a warmer climate, why not allow the highest, noblest and best of God's creation to travel westward to find a more congenial home? All are not refugees and recalcitrants, they are in the minority or the exceptional; the home seeker is in the majority, many of them going out not knowing whither they are going, but go with a divine trust in their creator.

The immigrants made this country, the immigrants populated it, they fought for it against a tyrannical ruler, they saved it from being a country "half slave and half free," they have nobly set aside the traditions of their fathers, and scarcely an immigrant worthy of the name but would gladly take up arms if called upon, as immigrants have done before them, for the honor and glory of the flag, which means so much to them now.

The writer does not forget that he is a foreigner, nor does he forget that when as a boy he left his native home in "Merris England," saying "Good bye" to one who could not respond, and reciting to himself a song which he tried to sing, but a throbbing heart forbade:—

"Farewell dear, dear old England,  
The land that gave me birth;  
But thou to me wilt ever be,  
The dearest spot on earth," etc.

As he now looks back on those days of two decades ago, it is with a keen sense of love for motherland, and yet, not breathing as one whose soul is so dead as to say, "England is not my native land," he can now write: "I had the good fortune to have been born in old York, but the better fortune to have been brought very early in life to New York." I believe I write the sentiment of many another immigrant, who is proud to be called an "American" when election day comes, even though he is snubbed or dubbed as an "immigrant" at other times. The "dog" received a blessing from her Saviour, so has this poor immigrant, who landed without a copper in his pocket, save a two shilling piece which an elder sister slipped into his trousers as she said "Good bye" to her younger brother at the railway station. Had he not immigrated he would still have been at work at the coal mines, where he worked when but twelve years of age. Not that it is a disgrace to be a miner, for ninety-five per cent. of my boyhood companions, whom I still love, work where I left them twenty years ago. I write these lines, not for the privilege of using the "ego," but for the purpose of speaking a word of kindness for the immigrant, and to ask those who bitterly oppose him now, hereafter to treat him as they treat those of generations ago treated their fathers.

## Increase of Immigration

WITH an increase to our population by immigration of 1,000,000 per annum, which is less than the present rate, and the present rate of natural increase, the United States would reach the density of China in about four generations, or, more particularly, in 134 years, at which time we would have a population of 950,000,000.

This interesting statement is made in the last annual report of Frank P. Sargent, Commissioner-General of Immigration, covering the fiscal year 1907.

To it he adds:—

"This is in no sense an estimate of future population; it is simply an illustration of the present pace."

Important recommendations looking to further amendment of the laws governing the admission of aliens are incorporated in Commissioner Sargent's report. Among other recommendations made by him are the following:

That legislation be adopted to check violations of the immigration laws by professed seamen:

That public health and marine hospital surgeons be stationed at the principal foreign ports of embarkation to examine all aliens applying for passage to the United States.

That arrangements be made for placing on board a number of the large transatlantic liners female inspectors thoroughly qualified and equipped with a knowledge of foreign languages, charged with the duty of intermingling with the female steerage passengers and making their acquaintance, the object being thus to assist in preventing the importation of women for immoral purposes:

That either by the adoption of additional legislation or by international agreement an arrangement be perfected by which the detection of members of the criminal class may be assured, preferably a requirement that, as a prerequisite to examination aliens shall present passports granted to them by their own Governments.

In point of numbers the fiscal year 1907 was the banner twelve-month period in the history of the immigration service. Aliens to the number of 1,285,249 were admitted, as compared with 1,100,735 in 1906. The total amount of money brought into the country by immigrants in the year was \$25,599,000, or an average of almost \$20 per person. Europe contributed 1,190,566 persons to the volume of immigration. More than 40,000 came from Asia, among them 30,000 Japanese and 961 Chinese.

Referring to the "white slave traffic," or the importation of girls and women for immoral purposes, the Commissioner-General of Immigration says:

This was among the first of the immigration evils to engage the attention of Congress, a section of the act of 1875 being devoted thereto. Its importance has increased in due proportion to the growth of immigration itself, and no small part of the duties of the service has consisted in trying to prevent the importation and to effect the deportation of such persons and their procurers. There can be no denying the assertion that apparently, and on the surface at least, there has been in recent years a marked decrease in this nefarious business so appropriately termed the "white slave traffic." Reports reach the bureau from all quarters, foreign and domestic, indicating that the combined efforts of those abroad and in this country interested in wiping out the disgraceful blot upon

our Christian civilization have accomplished considerable, but the bureau is satisfied from the experience of its field officers that much still remains to be done.

The Commissioner-General urges that a number of thoroughly qualified women equipped with a sufficient knowledge of foreign languages should be selected and appointed for service on the vessels of several of the larger steamship lines, their duty being to travel from foreign ports on the vessels with the alien women, mixing freely with them, forming their acquaintance and gathering every available bit of information concerning their antecedents and their purposes and hopes in coming to America. Thus could be gained, it is believed, often accurately and in detail, data which could be placed before the boards of special inquiry upon arrival at the United States ports, enabling such boards to pass intelligently upon the admissibility of the alien women.

## Christmas with the Crows at Lodge Gram.

BY REV. W. A. AND MRS. FRYEOLST.

EACH Christmas season at Lodge Gram seems to mark a period of progress in the work of the Mission. The Christmas of 1904 was necessarily one of first impressions; we were still in the beginning of things, the Crows were strangers to the Jesus road and the spiritual side of the work had made but little impression upon the tribe. After the Christmas exercises, their pagan dance was resumed. Last year, in deference to the Mission, the Indians did not dance on Christmas day. Their attitude was changing; the Crows had come into the Jesus road, a church with five charter members had just been organized, the first offering to Missions was made. This year the Spirit of the Saviour was graciously present in all the Christmas gatherings, the unavowed yet more serious consideration to the claims of the Gospel, the Christian Crows came through a trying temptation with victory, the pledges to Jesus for Missions amounted to \$100.00, and best of all three more Crows decided for Christ.

On Christmas eve the little church assembled in the "Council Room" for a supper and fellowship meeting. The food was spread on the floor, and around it we gathered in primitive fashion. Beside the mission workers those present were White Arm, Pretty Shell, Young Turtle, Strikes Again, Pretty Enemy, Kills Twice, Oco. Hill (Government interpreter, Indian name Short Boy), Old Buffalo Robe, Brings Good Things and Plain Face. The menu was not elaborate, just a simple repast, with the spirit of Jesus prevailing. The prayer and testimony meeting which followed was a spiritual feast. Many eyes glistened with tears. The joy of sins forgiven and the desire to "walk straight" in the Jesus road seemed to well up in every testimony. The memory of that meeting will abide.

The Crow boys and girls had thought, talked and dreamed about a Christmas dinner for many days and thanks to the kindness of several friends, their juvenile hopes were realized. The Indian child's one joy is a bakery pie. At this dinner there was plenty of pie. That alone would have made them happy but to add meat, coffee, cake, turkey, candy, nuts and bread was enough to make their cup of joy an overflowing one. Could you have seen the radiant faces of these far when



the camp life holds so little of brightness during the days of the year we are sure you would have felt repaid, in a measure at least, for the gifts which made the feast possible.

Following the dinner came the program by the school. The boys and girls were somewhat shy but acquitted themselves very creditably. Each one was applauded in turn by the Indians and often the children applauded themselves.

Then came the Jesus talk by the missionary: "God's Gift to the World," being the theme. White Arm and Geo. Hill each made a touching appeal to their people to walk in the Jesus road. Before the distribution of presents from the tree, the Crows gave their gifts to Jesus—to help carry the Gospel to other tribes. In pledges and money the offering amounted to \$100.00, which was not small considering their slender means.

The large pine trailed down from the hills by Medicine Tobacco Seed and Walks on the Ice was well covered with gifts for the Crows from their many friends. The ranking chief of the Lodge Grass District, Medicine Crow, said the tree made his heart feel so good that he wanted to sing an Indian song of victory, which he did forthwith. About four hundred Crows sat on the ground in a semi-circle around the tree, which certainly did look attractive with its bright and useful gifts. Every one, from the smallest papoose to the oldest grandmother in the camp, received some token, and a feeling of gratitude and contentment was voiced on every hand.

We desire to express our sincere appreciation to those who had a part in bringing good cheer to the Crows at this time, for we realize that without your prayers and gifts the work could not be carried on.

### "And Some Fell on Good Ground."

HELEN HILL MCCARTHY.

THE parable of the sower has new meaning to the missionary teachers, who are teaching day after day the Bible verses in the Mission Schools.

The privilege and work of sowing the seed in the foreign fields, or in neglected fields in our own land (which seem quite foreign) is very different from sowing the seed in the beautiful churches; the inspiring Sunday Schools; the Young People's Societies; the Junior societies; the homes where hereditary parental influence and environments have prepared, in some degree, the ground for the sower. Here where the field is so barren without these influences, and where the seed must be sown largely in another tongue; we sometimes think there is so much preparation necessary, so much seed must be sown before we see the results of our labor.

It is a joy to witness that some of the seed sown in years past, by the faithful Mr. Rishel and wife, fell on good ground, and is now bringing forth fruit.

Sunday, December 29, Mr. Rishel brought with him to

the afternoon service, Solomon Garcia, a ranchman, living at Ortiz, Col. Mr. Garcia some years ago was a pupil in the Echo Mission School, and while there learned to know and love our Saviour. Those present at the service listened with new interest to the earnest message from one of their own people. Mr. Garcia speaks English and told me something of his work in his own village, and how he always carried his Spanish Bible with him, and read it often while caring for his flock.

We are claiming the promise: "That the word of our God shall stand forever," and that the word of God is "quick and powerful and sharper than any two-edged sword." And Jesus said: "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life." So we are praying and trusting that the seed that is daily being sown at Valards and Alabak will spring up in days to come. And that many will go out from schools earnest witnesses for Christ, and will themselves sow the precious seed among their kindred.

### Among the Arapahoes

"RIDGE-BEAR'S" talk at the church, among the Arapahoes is indicative of the fact that the spirit of Christ is moving the Indians to seek after better things. He says:—

"Ever since three weeks ago, each time when you stand up in the pulpit to preach you seem as if you were transformed and looked like Jesus. That is the reason I sit so quiet and listen. You have done much good for these Arapahoes by showing them the right way. I wish all would come into the church. I wish all felt the same as I do. I know that Jesus is a great power. I have heard from a boy that Jesus is a great power. All these members of church will some time be strong Christians. This house is Jesus' house. When you tell these Indians the words that Jesus spoke while here on the earth, it seems just the same as if Jesus himself spoke them to us. Every day when out walking I think about Jesus and pray to him. I begin to find out that by faith in Jesus I feel different all the time.

I have one son living and I want to set him a good example. This is the reason I became a Christian. A few of these Indians have joined the church, and the time is not far distant when others will come. If all the Indians were Christians they would get along so much better. A great many Indians want to think of Jesus only in time of trouble, but the best way is to think about Him when there is no trouble."

Missionary F. L. King says: "These words were spoken by one who has been a Christian scarcely six months. As he indicates, so I believe that the time is very near when many more Arapahoes will take a stand for Christ. There is a sound of abundance of rain. God be praised for the power of His Word."



## Our Little Folks



Courtesy New Bedford Standard

### Jack's Way.

**J**ACK was a "newsboy." His mother was not one of the poor, poor seamstresses; but she was a dressmaker, (not a "modiste," just a dressmaker.) Jack was the man of the house, however, for his father had died before Jack could remember, and whenever any one mentioned him, Jack felt like hitting that person, for his mother always had a brave struggle trying to make the corners of her mouth turn the right way, i. e., up (in smiles).

Jack, therefore, was proud that he could add to the income of the family, and help to maintain himself while attending school. Jack, had too, a sister, just a wee, frail little girl, or, as Jack said "just as sweet but no more substantial than

a Nabisco wafer," and "you know," added Jack, "you can eat a whole box of them and still eat more."

Now Jack's sister was interested in the Mission Band. Jack was too, but some of the boys had pooh-poohed at him for it, and he felt a trifle shy to mention it now in public; but he manifested his interest in a very good way after all, for, when his sister's box was added to the precious store the Mission Band gathered, it was often questioned "How does the child manage it?" It was so full.

Just now, the Leader of the Band was feeling much troubled because she had fondly hoped to increase the offering this year to help to meet the added demands of the work. Jack's sister, dear little soul, had made the Leader's burden her own, and Jack, hearing of it, evolved a precious scheme in his head.

On New Year's Day, the Carriers of his paper were permitted to give their patrons an opportunity to express their good-will and appreciation, in dimes, quarters, halves and even dollars, when the Carrier's greeting was presented.

The greeting this year was a "cracker-jack" one, so all the boys had said, and our Jack within himself had thought, "I shall have all I can spare after I have finished up the amount for that new suit I must have."

New Year's morning came, bright and clear, and Jack was on hand early to receive his share of the "Greeting," and begin his campaign. His neatly brushed clothes and smooth hair, rosy cheeks and bright eyes—his altogether wholesome, boyish, half mischievous appearance, was a letter of credit, as well as a letter of introduction to all, and several substantial expressions of his faithfulness through the year, found their way into his small pocket.

Eagerly he went on his way, for he had visions of the smiling face at home that would be turned toward him, while he told his day's story, for he had noticed that whenever he was particularly kind to "Sis" or did any thing for her, Mother always looked and acted as if he had done it for her, so he had come to understand in a way, what that verse he had learned in the Sunday School meant,—"Inasmuch as you have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

One place where he had been taking papers for a few months was a large, old-fashioned house, which, till recently, had been closed. Jack had often wondered what it was like inside, but it had never been his good fortune to be invited to go in.

Therefore, as he rang the bell today, he wondered what awaited him in way of adventure, and how large an amount of appreciation the occupants would show. He was obliged to wait and wait, and had almost decided to turn away, regretfully, when the door opened with a great effort, and a very old woman peered cautiously out.

Jack did not know just what to do. However, he handed her the "Greeting," and smiled as sweetly as he knew how. "What's that?" asked the old woman. "Our New Year's Greeting," answered Jack. "New Year's Greeting, what do I want of that? Here's my house-keeper gone and left me yesterday, and didn't come back last night, my fire all out I suppose, I have not had any breakfast, and I am half sick; what do I want of a New Year's Greeting?"

"May be I can fix your fire for you, and I can make tea if you like that." The woman looked at him fixedly for a moment, then said, "I haint much use for boys, but you look clean, and I am cold, come in."

So Jack went in, and in a space of time surprisingly short, he had the fire mended and burning brightly, had told the woman "how mother made the toast and fixed the eggs," and had time to look around him at the wonders with which the house seemed to be filled. But he had other places to visit, and he hoped, other gifts for "Sis and the Mission Band," so he said politely, "If you will excuse me now, I have a little more business to attend to." "Oh, I want to know a little more about you before you go. Sit down and tell me where you live and about your family." So Jack told her about his mother and "Sis," and of his father, too, and about the Mission Band and the special gift that "Sis" had planned to make "to help the Treasury." A strange light came into the old eyes as the woman listened earnestly. "Thank you very kindly, little boy, for your goodness to a lonely old woman. Come and see me when you can." She held out her thin feeble hand, and Jack took it in his hard, warm little one, and after she withdrew her hand he found himself outside the door, and in his hand a hard, round silver dollar.

"I hope she didn't give me that for fixing the fire and helping her 'cause that's a part of the 'Inasmpoh,' you know."

A happy boy told all these things to his mother that night, and "Sis" and Mother both were glad at heart, and there was \$1.40 for the Mission Band, and that made the Leader glad too.

What ever became of the old woman,—did Jack ever go to see her again? That is another story.

There is always somebody else, my dears,  
Who grieves when a child is bad.  
Somebody watches the smiles or tears  
Of each little lass or lad.  
If your foreheads frown but a little while,  
Somebody else is sad;  
And whenever your sunny faces smile,  
Somebody else is glad. —Selected.



THESE ARE THE FOUR LITTLE GIRLS MRS. THAYER TELLS OF ON PAGE SEVEN

### A Story of Light

ONE night when the sun had disappeared, and birds had tucked their heads beneath their wings to rest, one of the night birds flew close to an electric light.

"Of what use are you?" asked the bird. "You give so little light compared with the sun."

"I do the best I can," said the light. "Think how dark this corner would be if I were not here! People walking and driving might run into one another, and someone might get hurt."

"That's true," said the bird, and away he flew. Then he came near a gaslight, standing apart from houses and busy streets.

"Of what use are you?" asked the bird. "You do not give as much light as the electric light."

"I do the best I can," said the light. "Do you not see that steep bank just beyond? If I were not here someone might fall to see it, and fall."

"That's true," said the bird, and away he flew. Soon his sharp eyes spied a lamp in a window.

"Of what use are you?" asked the bird. "You do not even give as much light as the gaslight."

"I do the best I can. I am in the window to throw light down the path, that Father Brown may see the way when he comes home. I do the best I can."

"That's true," said the bird, and away he flew.

But again his sharp eyes spied a light—a tiny candle-light in a nursery window.

"Of what use are you?" asked the bird. "Your light is so small. You do not give even as much light as a lamp."

"I do the best I can," said the candle, "and I can easily be carried from room to room. Nurse uses me when she gives the children a drink of water at night or sees that they are snugly covered up in bed. I do the best I can."

"That's true," said the bird; and away he flew, thinking, as he saw the many lights here and there, little and great: "All are helpers."

—*Kindergarten Review*

P.S.—As he flew he saw a little child wearing a star-badge and on the badge was a tiny candle, and around the candle were the words "I shine for Jesus." "Of what use are you," asked the bird. "I am helping to send the Jesus-light into dark heathen lands," answered the child. "That's true," said the bird, "and that is really the best Light of all."

—C. M. F., in *The Palm Branch*

